NATIONAL CEMETERY

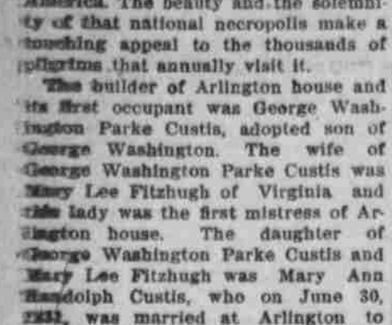
ARLINGTON, BURIAL GROUND FOR COUNTRY'S HEROES.

Site Once the Home of Robert E. Lee —Taken Possession of by United States at Outbreak of the Civil War.

Washington.—The story of Arlington is interwoven with the story of America. The beauty and the solemnity of that national necropolis make a touching appeal to the thousands of pilgrims that annually visit it.

The builder of Arlington house and its first occupant was George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of George Washington. The wife of George Washington Parke Custis was Mary Lee Fitzhugh of Virginia and this lady was the first mistress of Arlington house. The daughter of George Washington Parke Custis and Mary Lee Fitzhugh was Mary Ann Randolph Custis, who on June 30, 1831, was married at Arlington to Lieut. Robert E. Lee, Engineer corps, U. S. A. Lieut. and Mrs. Lee continued to reside at Arlington and on the death of her father, March 26, 1855, Mrs. Lee inherited the estate. It was the home of Robert E. Lee and his family until April 22, 1861, when he left Richmond and it was on that day that Gov. Letcher and the convention of Virginia appointed Lee commander-in-chief of the military forces of Virginia.

It was in December, 1778, that John Parke Custis of Abingdon bought from Gerald Alexander 1,100 acres of land opposite Georgetown, now a part of the city of Washington. The price paid was 1,100 pounds sterling. He called the new place Arlington in memory of the old Custis seat across Chesapeake bay. The Alexander family (hence the name "Alexandria") had bought 6,000 acres of land, including Arlington, for six hogsheads of tobacco from Robert Howson, who had



Temple of Fame at Arlington.

obtained the land from Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, as a recompense for bringing immigrants to the colony.

It was not long after the resignation of Robert E. Lee from the United States army and the withdrawal of the Lee family from Arlington that the United States government took possession of the place.

The heights commanded Washington and their occupation by federal forces was looked upon as a military necessity.

During the war camps and hospitals were scattered over that high country and on the Arlington estate. Men who died there were at the outset buried in the Soldiers' Home cemetery in Washington. However, in the spring of 1864 Gen. Rucker and Capt. James M. Moore reported that Arlington was a most eligible site for a national cemetery, and Gen. Montgomery C. Meigs, on May 13, 1864, ordered that interment be made there. On that day a number of men who died in the Arlington and surrounding hospitals were laid under the sod at Arlington.

It is said that the first interment made at Arlington was that of the body of a confederate prisoner, L. Reinhardt, Twenty-third North Carolina infantry, who died of wounds received in battle.

At the close of the civil war bodies were gathered from the battlefields of northern Virginia and from the old camp sites, and reinterred at Arlington. The graves of Arlington have been growing in number till there are now about 30,000 of them. More officers of the army and navy are buried there than in any other cemetery, perhaps in all other national cemeteries, in the United States. Soldiers and ex-soldiers and sailors have the right of burial at Arlington and beautiful grave sites are provided by the quartermaster's department of the army for officers and their wives.

Early in 1864 Arlington was ordered to be sold for taxes and the place was bought by the national government for a trifling sum. Mrs. Lee died in 1873 without contesting the government's title, but her son, George Washington Custis Lee, sued to have the sale set aside as invalid. The case finally was decided by the supreme court of the United States in favor of Lee. He then sold the estate to the government for $150,000.

In the southwest part of the grounds are the graves of Custis, the builder of Arlington, and his wife. Over these graves are two marble monuments erected by their daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee.

The memorial exercises held at Arlington May 30 every year are impressive and impressive.

CARDS AND BROWN EYES

By A. M. Perkerson.

Hartley leaned over and picked a card from the girl's loose sleeve. "I thought your luck was extraordinary," he said.

The girl let the cards in her hand fall in a heap to the table and covered her face. "I had to—for Ted," was her broken explanation.

Hartley slowly knocked his cards together and began to shuffle them. "For Ted?"

"Yes, you see he has to have doctors and medicines and a good room, quiet and light."

Hartley stopped shuffling the cards. "Who is Ted? Tell me about it."

She raised her eyes, wet with tears. "My husband."

"Well?"

"He was hurt soon after we were married—run down by a truck and his back injured. Now he's a paralytic. He's the son of—I won't tell you his name—a well-known broker. He was disinherited because he made me his wife. But he wasn't like other rich men's sons. He was a competent architect, and we were happy as could be for two months, then he was injured. Now he can't move hand or foot, not even speak. He has to have doctors continually, and there's no one to pay. I can't make enough by working, and then besides I must be with him as much as possible, so I took to this. If I played fair I might lose."

Hartley smiled.

"You don't believe me?"

"I didn't say so," he protested.

"But you don't. It does sound fictitious enough, I know, but—" she paused and leaned across the table, "come and see for yourself."

They turned into a narrow, sleepy street and stopped before a brick building that had attained to the age of doting staidness. They silently mounted the wide, comfortable steps and came to a stand at the top. "Wait here until I've told him he's to have a visitor," the girl directed, "otherwise you might excite him."

Hartley leaned against the banister railing and followed her with admiring gaze. Her figure was trim and neat and her face unusually pretty and refined. He was particularly impressed by her eyes. They were a deep rich brown.

After a lapse of several minutes the girl beckoned him into the room—neat and trim like the girl. A man lay on a white iron bed. His face was immobile and perfectly white.

"An old friend of mine, Ted, come to see you," the girl said, leaning over the bed.

The man's features remained motionless, but a faint sparkle came into his sunken eyes. Hartley cautiously shook the emaciated hand on the sheet and uttered a few rambling sentences.

In the hall Hartley turned to the girl, his face slightly flushed. "I beg your pardon for having doubted you," he said. "I did doubt. I don't now. You are a very brave woman. You must let me help you."

The girl shook her head. "I couldn't do that."

"But it's for him. You must."

Half way down the steps he looked back at her. "You are a very brave woman," he repeated.

Hartley slowly laid down his coffee cup and looked at the middle-aged man across the table from him. "I had a most unusual experience yesterday," he said. "I wandered into a cosy, quiet saloon on some drowsy street, I forget the name, about four o'clock. Adjoining it was a room with several tables. A girl was at one of the tables, shuffling a pack of cards. She had—"

"I know," the elder man interrupted. "She had the most wonderful brown eyes in the world, and after awhile you couldn't tell why you discovered yourself playing cards with her, and then you found a card in her sleeve, and she told you about a paralytic husband—the disinherited son of a well-known broker—you doubted, and she took you to see Ted, and you were thoroughly convinced."

Hartley looked at the older man in complete surprise. "How did you know?"

"My boy, I had the same experience four years ago. Hardly a week passes that some one doesn't."

"You don't mean—"

"But I do. And Ted is no more a paralytic than I am. But, by the way, how about the parting in the hall? I forced $50 of my good money on her. And you?"

Hartley stirred his coffee slowly. "So did I."

A President's Baby Clothes.

In the corner of the National museum, atached to Independence hall, at Philadelphia, and under a neat glass case there is a little suit of silk baby clothing that attracts much attention, especially from the women visitors.

It includes a tiny cap, dress, waistband and handkerchiefs, made, according to the card attached, "for the sixth president of the United States by the wife of the second," Mrs. John Adams. As her eldest son, John Quincy Adams, was born in 1767, and the tiny suit was evidently worn only a few times in his earliest infancy, it is now more than 140 years old.

As evidence of maternal love and care the many delicate cross stitches in colored silk are preserved with marvelous delicacy. They are sure to attract admiring remarks when a group of matrons or stylishly dressed younger women bend over the case.

WILEY'S GREAT WORK

HOOSIER SCIENTIST WHO HEADS BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY.

Has Done More Than Any Other One Man to Place American Agriculture on Scientific Basis—Father of Pure Food Laws.

Washington.—No branch of applied science has made greater progress during the last 25 years than agricultural chemistry and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, present chief of the bureau of Chemistry in the department of agriculture unquestionably has accomplished more than any other living man in the work of placing American agriculture on a more scientific basis, thereby adding enormously to the productiveness and wealth of the country. Scientific agriculture, or as it may otherwise be termed, agricultural chemistry, is a science of comparatively recent origin, and the Indiana man has been the leading spirit in it for nearly a generation.

Prof. Wiley's interest in scientific agriculture began with his connection with Purdue university as professor of chemistry, in 1874, a year after his graduation at Harvard, when he was also appointed state chemist of Indiana. He remained at Purdue nine years.

Dr. Wiley's connection with the government work began in 1883 when he was offered the position of chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture. The offer was accepted, and from that time the development of that bureau and its activities became Dr. Wiley's life-work. Today he is recognized as one of the world's great chemists, with a membership in many foreign and American scientific societies.

Arriving in Washington to take up the duties of his new post, Dr. Wiley found his quarters confined to a laboratory in the basement of the antiquated agricultural department building and a little office upstairs. His full working force consisted of four assistant chemists and a dishwasher. The first year's appropriation for the work of the bureau was $15,000. Dur-

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

ing the fiscal year which will end on June 30 of this year, Dr. Wiley finds himself in charge of a corps of 350 persons, 200 of them chemists, and the budget of the bureau will total $600,000.

To-day the government also maintains 60 experiment stations which are now in operation in every state and territory, including Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Mere growth in expenditures would not necessarily argue increase of usefulness, but in the case of the department of agriculture its benefits to the farming interests and to the country at large have been immeasurably enhanced during the last 25 years. To these increased benefits the bureau of chemistry, of which Dr. Wiley is chief, has made large contributions. By the analysis of soils and the investigation of the effect of environment on the chemical composition of plants the bureau of chemistry was able to define the limits of sugar beet growing territory in the United States and open the way for the establishment of the beet sugar industry, which promises great results in the near future.

In 1880 there were only four beet sugar factories in the United States, with an invested capital of $365,000 and an annual product valued at $382,572. In 1905 the factories numbered 51, the capital invested was $55,923,459, and the value of products was $24,393,794. From 1900 to 1905 the number of beet sugar factories increased 70 per cent.; the capital invested in the business increased 177 per cent., and the value of the yearly output increased 233 per cent.

Another service of inestimable value rendered to the country by the national bureau of chemistry is in starting and promoting the pure food and drug movement. If Dr. Wiley is not the father of that movement, he has been the head and front of it from the beginning. When he began work on that line, upward of 20 years ago, not a state in the union had a pure food law; now most of them have laws on the subject and commissions to enforce them. Dr. Wiley was the pioneer of the movement in America and he made chemistry a most effective instrument in promoting it. It was mainly through his efforts that the analysis of foods, drugs, spices, edibles and beverages showed adulteration to be an almost universal practice, and started a movement that has resulted in widespread reform. He is the father of the national pure food law which took effect January 1, 1907, and chairman of the national commission for construing and enforcing it.

To Advertise Himself.

When a man announces that he is weary of public attention and intends to become a recluse it is likely to be for advertising purposes.

It Can't Be Beat.

The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For stomach, liver and kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame back, and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at all leading drug store. 50c.

Slow Growth of Love.

Love does not grow great and become perfect all at once, but requires time and the nourishment of thoughts. —Dante.

Just Exactly Right.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several yerrs, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton, of Harrisville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, billiousness and malaria. 25c. at all the leading drug stores.

A Test.

When a man discovers that he can read his gas meter he begins to think that he has a pretty fair education after all.

Poultry Raising Pays.

Now is the time of year to feed your fowls a good tonic. R4 11-44 cures Cholera, Roup, Gaps and Limberneck. When fed as a preventive it not only keeps them healthy but makes them lay. Give each sick fowl 3 or 4 drops 3 times a day. As a preventive feed it in the feed 3 or 4 times a week. Turkeys require a smaller dose. Price 50 cents, no cure, no pay. Guaranteed by St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated.

A Word from Josh Wise.

"More gran' stan' plays are pulled off outside the ball park than in it."

Special Train Service.

The Providence-Morganfield Accommodation train will be held at Henderson until 6 p. m. July 28, 29, 30, 31, and August 1, account Great Henderson Fair. Round trip tickets good on all trains where stops are made at one fare plus 25 cents, good returning August 3.

Jno. W. Logsdon, Supt.